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MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

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THANKSGIVING

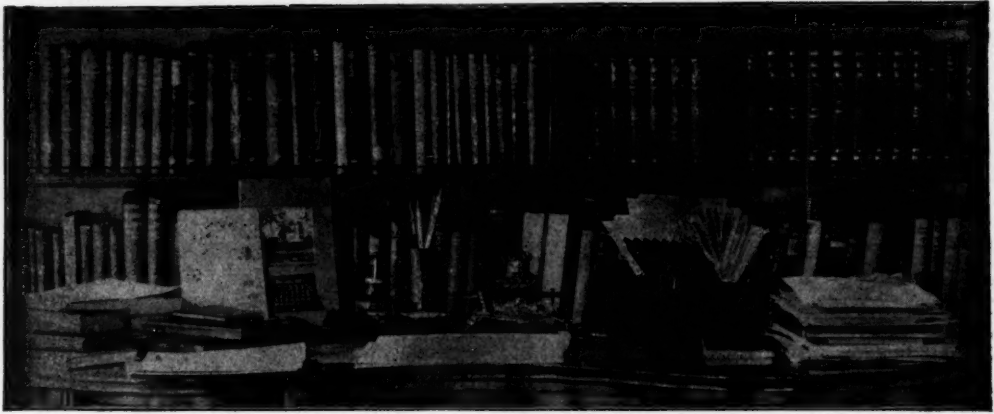
For songs divine half heard and half withholden,
That dropped on silver pinions down the sky;
For visions fair, half hid and half beholden,
Compelling dreams that knew not how to die;

For all the wine, untasted and immortal,
Before mine eyes upon the white dust spilled;
For all the dreams that shone above life's portal,
Then fell beside my pathway unfulfilled;

For all ungathered roses, red as fire,
That lit my way with lavish, fragrant flame;
For all the old, dear dreams of fond desire
That led me hither captive as I came;

For all, on bended knee I make thanksgiving;
The unachieved that spurred my steps along,
The unattained that makes life worth the living,
The unfulfilled that keeps my spirit strong.

H. H. Bashford, in London Outlook.



From the Editor's Desk

There are several reasons why our May Thank Offering should be a notable one. This will be the twenty-first anniversary of its observance, and it is the jubilee year of woman's foreign missionary societies. Let us keep these two facts in mind while preparing our programs and making our offerings. We wish that every woman might have the inspiration of attending one of the great Jubilee meetings, with its immense audiences, contagious enthusiasm and eloquent speakers, who tell the story of the needs of the women and children in many lands, so forcefully and so winsomely because they live and work among them and know whereof they speak—that generous gifts have naturally followed. No one could listen to the word pictures from the Orient, by Miss Hughes and by Dr. Carleton of China, Mrs. Marden of Turkey, Mrs. Elmore and Dr. Noble of India, without being convinced that it pays—oh, beyond measure—to send the message of the Christ-love, the medical missionary, nurse, teacher, moral uplift and new standards of family life, to these waiting, eager, suffering, untaught and often degraded people; who are, nevertheless, interesting, appealing, lovable and responsive to the missionaries, who admit nothing but joy in service. Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, author of "Western Women in Eastern Lands," gave, in the evening address, a graphic picture of the changes in fifty years, the great work accomplished; and a foregleam of what is to be; for this great movement is not the end, but a beginning. Free Baptist women wish to keep step with other women in it. Let us pray that this seed-

sowing from the Pacific to the Atlantic may have a rich harvest. That the wider vision and knowledge may be followed by deeper responsibility and more practical service—joyous service, at home, because we are “called” as emphatically to send, as our missionaries are to go. . . . Miss Harriet A. Deering read a paper, at one of the preliminary Jubilee meetings in Portland, on The Free Baptist Woman’s Missionary Society, which we hope to print later. Many good things are still held over. Mr. Collet writes of the Christmas festivities at Santipore and sends a charming photograph of the Brownies waiting for their presents. The Young People’s Department will have sketches and portraits of the young missionaries-elect for India. The story of the beautiful life of our dear Mrs. Phillips will be told. We would like to give glimpses of an interesting article by Dr. Anthony in *The Watchman*, and bright bits of personal letters from India. Isn’t it tantalizing? . . . *Missions*, the new Baptist monthly magazine, is wide-awake, interesting, attractive, profusely illustrated. The articles in the March number of special interest to our readers are: Outline of Free Baptist Foreign Mission Work, by Dr. Stacy; Strong Points in Burma, by Dr. Anthony, and an editorial on “The Two Travelers Abroad,” referring to Drs. Barbour and Anthony. The editor of *Missions* is Howard B. Grose, D. D., author of “Aliens or Americans” and “Advance in the Antilles.” . . . Mrs. Smith’s Friendly Glimpse in this HELPER gives us food for thought. She writes in a personal letter: “To have the supreme regard for the missionaries that they deserve, you should see them at their work.” Does not this stimulate us to do more for them and their work? Mrs. Hamlen wrote from Remna, where she was in camp in January, while on an evangelistic tour: “I have two preachers and two Bible women with me just now, also some of my Orphanage boys. It is vacation, so I am giving them a change. They help in singing and selling books. I have had a good time this season, thus far. The Lord is greatly blessing us here. How glad I am to have a chance to work in India.” . . . It is very gratifying to receive the following from Mr. and Miss Andrews: “Allow us to express our appreciation of the March number of the HELPER, so satisfying to us, and must be equally so to all its readers. ‘Memorial’—this word means so much to us, and the lesson we learn from its pages is to be faithful and true.” . . . A member of the New Hampton, N. H., auxiliary writes: “We plan to have a social with a missionary program, singing by the children, special music, and a supper, the proceeds to go for the HELPER Fund.” Are there not other societies that can carry out similar plans to swell the HELPER Fund in memory of Mrs. Andrews? Mrs. Murphy writes that she is taking special work in the Nebraska University, while Mr. Murphy is busy in the Medical School. She also has a mission study class and has responded to several calls for “talks.” The year has been full of things it will be pleasant to remember, as well as profitable to their work, when they return to India.

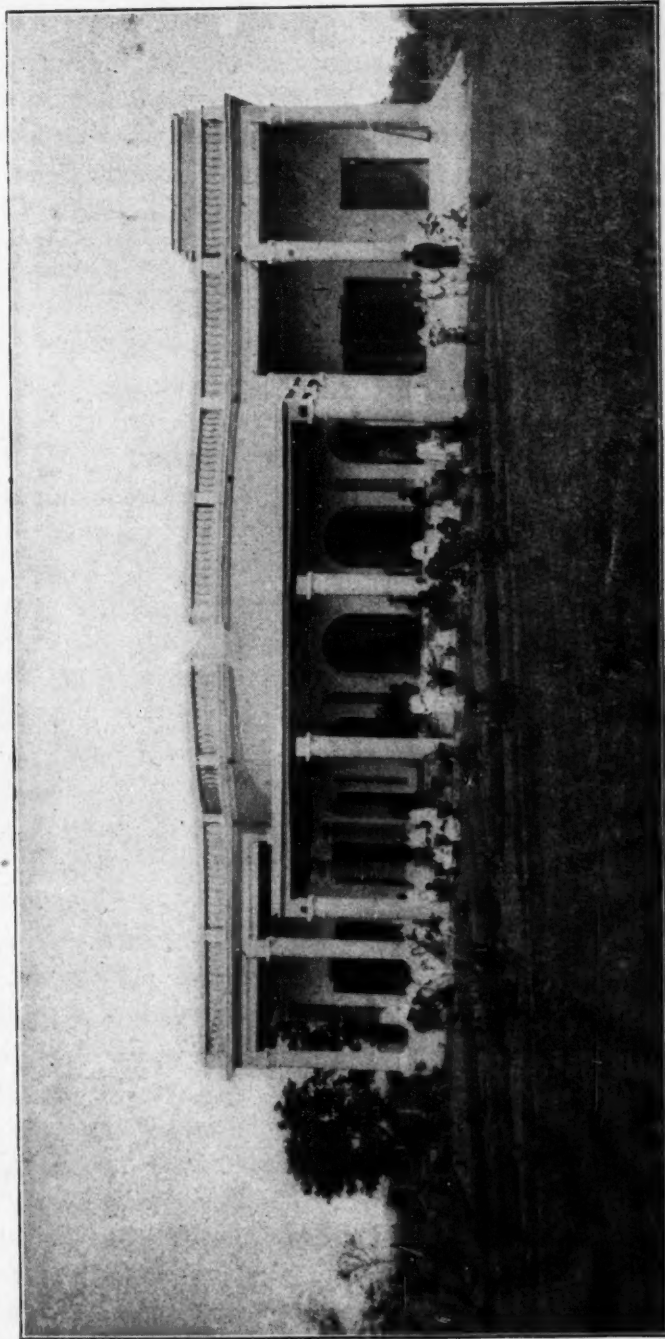
A Friendly Glimpse of Our India Field

Mrs. Helen H. Smith, of Hillsdale, Michigan, at present visiting her daughter in India, is—as many of our readers know—the mother of Dr. Shirley Smith, formerly medical missionary at Balasore, now Mrs. James Thomson of Titaghur. You have seen the “Baby,” in the arms of her Ayah, in “A Study in Black and White,” on one of our post cards. “Jimmy” is Mr. Thomson’s little son. Mrs. Smith writes most entertainingly of the country, people and work in which we are all so deeply interested. Another letter will describe her return journey from Santipore.—*Editor.*

Santipore, India, Dec. 27, 1910.

Dear Friends:—After nearly three months in India, I have had some really missionary experiences. Mr. Thomson had this trip in mind before I came, which is no less than a bear and tiger hunt in the jungle. This hunt is sport to such as like it, but is of benefit to the people, because of man-eating lions and tigers, which come down to the villages and carry off children and, sometimes, men and women. Mr. Thomson shot a female bear last year, which is said to have killed or mangled nine women. So, you see, there seems to be a good excuse for the hunting expedition.

We planned to leave Titaghur Tuesday evening before Christmas and to go to Balasore. By “we” I mean Shirley, baby, Jimmy and myself. We also had to take an Ayah and Kitmagar, for while we have to carry all our own bedding, we also have to take some one to help about the extra work we make where we visit. We left Calcutta at six P. M. The cars are in compartments, and they pile in all our luggage with us. With the big bundles of bedding, a large satchel for baby’s milk, numbers of suitcases and a trunk, we were quite comfortable (?) and could lie down on the long seats—if we wished. We arrived at Balasore about midnight. Miss Barnes and Miss Coe met us with their lanterns—there are no electric lights—and with no end of helpers to unload our luggage and put it into the bullock garry to take it and us to the Orphanage. I forbear any description of the vehicle, or the speed of the bullocks, or the condition of the road. The distance was not much more than that of one city block, and I believe it did not take us much less than half an hour to cover it. But we did arrive, and after the noise and turmoil, smoke and dirt and squalor of Titaghur, the serenity and sanctity of Sinclair Orphanage seemed heavenly. Very soon our bedding was spread on the cots waiting for us, and we were glad that the mosquitoes were so scarce that we were



SINCLAIR ORPHANGE, BALASORE

able to dispense with the nets over our beds and to find a blanket not at all uncomfortable.

In the morning we made the acquaintance of the Orphanage girls and the little babies they care for. All were so clean and so modest, and altogether so bright, that one could not but feel that it pays to rescue them from the unwholesome places where they had lived, to teach them neatness and industrious habits and, above all, to make Christians of them. The Orphanage is but one of several buildings in the Mission Compound, and is quite separate from them all. It is where the missionaries live—Miss Barnes, Dr. Mary Bachelor and Miss Coe. I want to say that no one needs to pity these missionaries, except for two things—poor health and lack of money for what seems almost necessary for their comfort and convenience and to improve the condition of the girls in their charge. If Miss Barnes and Dr. Mary were the very own mothers of those girls, they could have no more affection for them, nor solicitude for their general well being and enthusiasm in promoting it. Miss Coe is a bright bit of sunshine; a charming girl, fit to shine in any society, yet has no regrets for it, but is working hard at the language and is enthusiastic and happy, and so full of life and good cheer that she encourages everybody. The building is beautiful, with huge rooms, very high ceilings and large wide verandas; a restful place, indeed. The Girls' School and the buildings where they eat and sleep are near, also the Widows' Home. Mr. Hamlen's church, the High School and Orphanage for Boys, and the Kindergarten where Miss Gowen lives, are some little distance away. The whole "force" were making preparations for Christmas. Miss Gowen's and Miss Coe's friends, from Cleveland and elsewhere, had sent out large boxes of presents for the little children. If you could have seen Miss Gowen as she showed those dolls to us, you would have thought *she* was the little girl to have them, she was so happy. She, too, is a bit of sunshine in a weary land. We had tea with her in the Kindergarten building. It was vacation time, but she had no difficulty in calling the children together to sing and practise some of their exercises for us. The children from the Orphanage and Mr. Hamlen's school went through their exercises and drills, and they were thoroughly and exactly performed. I wish I could describe the various costumes and tell you of some of the wonderful little black faces. One serious little chap Miss Gowen told of in some verses in the HELPER. He was brought there a living skeleton, but is now plump and fat, with most

serious, big eyes. Miss Barnes called him to her and said, "How do you do?" He said, "How do you do?" Miss Barnes said, "Very well, thank you," and he replied with perfect repetition. Miss Barnes says he will repeat anything they say to him in any language, quite an unusual thing.

Balasore is a collection of native villages and covers a good deal of ground, but has very few white inhabitants. We went to the Bazaar, about two miles from the Orphanage, into a native shop, where I bought



A PALANQUIN

a few pieces of brass which is made there. We climbed into the shop door, too low for me, and they gave me a seat and then brought out their wares, and placed them on the mud floor. The price of a piece is regulated by its weight.

All delightful things come to an end and we had to pack as much as possible that night because we must be astir early to get a train to Jellalore, on the way to Santipore. Notwithstanding all our bundles—and the baby—we arrived at the station in time, all the missionaries there to see us off. The morning ride was interesting, as it gave me a view of the real country by daylight. There are very few trees, but miles and

miles of rice fields which are being harvested now. These fields are surrounded by little ridges, or banks, to separate them, and to keep the water on the plants at the proper time. Arriving at Jellasore, we found that Mr. Collet had sent sixteen Santal coolies to transport us to Santipore and two bullock carts to bring our baggage. Baby and I were in one Palky, and Shirley and Jimmy in another—with various other things. The Palky (Palanquin) when lifted to the shoulders of the bearers has a swinging motion sometimes, a teetering one at others, and sometimes both together, as the bearers trot along. Mine was just long enough for me to stretch my legs out straight when sitting, and tall enough to just escape the top of my head when my hat was off. The motion was rather trying, at first, but I soon did not mind it at all. It is seven miles to this place and must have taken us two and one-half to three hours. There are no roads, only foot-paths, and often the brush touched the Palky, at the side. In one place it was wet and muddy and the coolies were in half way to their knees, and it ought to have made me nervous to think that one misstep would land us in the puddle. I did hold my breath when we came to the hill to descend to the river we had to cross, it was so rough and washed out in frightful gullies where it seemed as though a goat could hardly find footing. But I trusted in God and these natives and we reached the river bank in safety, and at once began to cross. The river is shallow now, although in one place it came up to the bottom of the Palky; but this, too, was overcome without mishap and we landed on the other side. The shore, almost as far as we could see, was a barren waste of sand, which is covered with water during the rains. About half way my daughter stopped the "procession" and warmed Baby's milk and fed her. The coolies had a good rest and then proceeded. I had not considered myself at all nervous, but when we came in sight of the white pillars of the verandah of the bungalow, where we were to stay, at Santipore, I was almost crying; indeed, was more than glad to climb out of that vehicle and stretch myself.

The weather here now is simply perfect: A cloudless sky, no rain nor frost, but a cool, comfortable temperature. As we came along, it was interesting to watch the long lines of bullocks loaded with immense bundles of sheaves of rice strapped to their sides. We could just see their little legs below and their muzzled noses in front; that is, when we happened to be in front. Many cows were grazing in the distance, and the gleaners were in the stubble, after the harvesters had left. The bul-

lock garries came about an hour after we did, everything was unloaded and we had our breakfast a little after noon. Chota Hazri (little breakfast) was eaten before daylight and we were hungry. We were soon at home in this beautiful spot. Jimmy and Mr. Collet's lovely boys were soon at the liveliest play, we were all in the best of spirits and ready to enjoy everything which was so new. This bungalow is large and roomy, of one story originally, but Mr. Collet has added a dormitory, for his family, on the roof. This has a thatched roof and they sleep there the year round. Miss Butts has her suite at one end of the building. The building has been added to, from time to time. The Phillips family lived here for many years, and the little house where Grandma Phillips lived—and hoped to die—is still in good repair. Friday afternoon Mr. Collet showed us his "Industrial Departments," in which weaving, carpenter work and blacksmithing are done. The weaving is most interesting. There are several looms and they make several kinds of excellent cloth, woven in patterns, like gingham, and much of it is used for coats and trousers for boys, and is very durable. This finds a ready sale and the money is used to buy material, pay the workmen and give them some industrial education. There are school buildings, and the fine new church nearly ready to be dedicated. Mr. Collett is a wonderful man, I think, and has the faculty of turning everything at hand to good account. For instance, the stones which are the building blocks of the church, were taken from what was an old fort near here. A fort which must have been in existence before the "dawn of history" in this country. The blocks are of a porous but very hard, metallic substance, practically indestructible. They are brown in color. All the stones are laid up in mortar, the usual way, but plastered over, leaving a spot of the brown stone bare. It gives the whole a peculiar and unique appearance. The bell from the old church is placed and rang out merrily for Christmas. The inside is neat, with white walls and pucca floor. There is a small room finished above the audience room, to be used for Pastor's study and for a Sunday School class room.

It was "Barda Deen" (Big Day) Saturday, and the church, inside and out, was decorated not so very unlike ours on such occasions at home; but the most interesting feature was the little lamps into which they put one-half pint, or less, of kerosene oil, with a wick made of rolling pieces of old cloth and pulling to a little top which goes into the lamp like a cork. These are lighted and placed on each one of the little pin-

nacles which form the ornaments of the church, outside. The effect was wonderful and beautiful. Indeed, one of the men who came out to hunt, said that some of the buildings in Calcutta were illuminated the same way, and far surpassed the electric lamps in beauty of effect, at the time of the Queen's Jubilee. This was fine.

I wish I could tell you about the native pastor, who is a converted Bhramin and who speaks English. He has written a book, published in Oryia and Bengali, which has a great sale and a great influence. He came yesterday to read and explain his book to me. He is very earnest in his preaching. I found his thoughts were good and he kept well to his text: "Glory to God in the Highest; on earth Peace, Good Will to men." My regard for missionaries has greatly increased since I have seen them at their work; but, as I said at the beginning, their enthusiasm and their consciousness of the great need overshadow all the disagreeable features, so there is no occasion to pity them, only that they are handicapped, many times, for want of money and helpers, and on account of poor health; of which, however, I have as yet heard no one complain.

Looking over what I have written, I am convinced that I have given you only the slightest glimpse of the real value of the work that is done here. To appreciate it fully one must be *here* and *see* the contrast between the Christian and non-Christian natives, and feel the great need of more men and money to advance the Kingdom more rapidly.

HELEN H. SMITH.

Muke

BY REV. H. R. MURPHY

(Concluded)

As soon as the dead body of her husband had been disposed of the priests were notified and under orders from them Muke's head was shaven, her few ornaments stripped off, and she was clad in a "widow's cloth." She had gained in this, she was now free to go and come in public and no longer compelled to keep her face veiled. Being at liberty to go abroad, she was put to work in the fields. She was allowed but one meal a day, and that taken at night after all other members of the household had dined. One day of each week she must go without any food. She

must eat and sleep entirely apart from everybody else, for no one would want to incur the displeasure of the gods by showing any affection or even pity to one who is accursed of the gods. She was compelled to carry heavy burdens to market on her head; to go into the fields and work all day long without food, under a tropical sun. When her half-starved body halted or failed in the performance of the required amount of work, she was beaten or required to go without her one scant meal of rice and curry. When the writer first saw her, many scars upon her back and limbs testified to the many beatings she had endured.

Life had become intolerable. Many times, thinking it all over, she decided to drown herself in the village tank, but when it was day her courage revived and she plodded on another day. Sixty thousand of India's widows commit suicide every year. One night, after dreaming of home and mother, she awakened with a resolve to do the impossible; she would run away and go to her mother. This was a desperate undertaking, because contrary to the religion of India, and likely to expose herself and mother to terrible persecution. With the advent of day her courage again failed her and she went into the fields to cut rice, but her back, bruised and sore, utterly refused to bend to the usual task. To return to the house or fail to perform the required labor would subject her to more beatings or privations or both. In her fear and despair she started for her mother. On the way thither she was met by a man who lived in the same village with her mother, who, finding out her purpose, warned her of the terrible consequences, and how impossible it would be for her mother to shelter and protect her. He then persuaded Muke, with many fair promises, to come to his house. The next day two Kubulas (men of Northern India) came to the house where she was staying. That night she overheard enough of the conversation to become aware that they were planning to carry her away and sell her into a life of sin and slavery. Filled with a new dread, she slipped out into the night and made her way to her mother's house. Oh, with what abandonment she threw herself in mother's arms and cried! Weary to exhaustion, she soon sobbed herself asleep. How strange are some of the reactions of our emotional natures!

Her pursuers were not long in discovering her escape nor in finding out her whereabouts. They at once demanded of the mother that she put her daughter out of doors. When she refused, they accused Muke of having stolen money from their house and threatened her with the police.

Fully realizing her helplessness she still refused. They could easily have overpowered the mother and carried away the girl, but the English government takes account of housebreaking; moreover, they had not exhausted their resources. They notified the Brahman priests, who then appeared on the scene and notified the mother that it is contrary to the religion of their country for her to entertain a widowed daughter in her house and so ordered her to send her away, at the same time warning her that if their orders were not obeyed she would be out-casted and her house broken down and she driven out of the village. Any act done in the name of the Hindu religion is ignored by the English government in India unless it involves life. To be out-casted is a penalty which the Hindu regards as the equivalent of death. The out-casted ones are always after spoken of as dead, and indeed, so many and cruel are the hardships imposed that existence becomes little more than a living death.

Let your imagination picture the despair my pen fails to describe, as Muke and her mother listened to the sentence: A choice between giving her daughter over into the hands of strangers to be carried away and sold, or on the other hand to be out-casted and driven from her own home and every possible means of earning a living other than in a life of sin. You can begin to understand why in some of the languages of India they have no word with which to distinguish between a widow and a scarlet woman. The mother realized that to refuse them was useless. She proposed a compromise. If they would allow her daughter to remain with her until the morrow she would then send her away without further objection. Thinking to have attained their end, they consented. Again darkness, like a guardian angel, held out to our poor hunted little Muke the hope of a way of escape. Soon after midnight Muke and her mother, by removing some slats from a back window, were able to crawl through and, passing out under protection of some bushes, escaped across the fields to the little Christian village of Kalia Matia. At the door of Seba Pator, pastor of the village church, they told their story and begged for protection and help. He fully realized the danger incurred in trying to protect one pursued by lust and hope of gain. It was finally arranged that Muke was to live with the Christians. In the morning the mother declared that her daughter had run away in the night and that she had not the slightest idea where she had gone. They began at once to make inquiry and search for their prey.

It was Sabbath morning, two days later, and the Christians of Kalia

Matia had gathered on the veranda of Seba Pator's house for their morning prayermeeting. Muke had related to them her story and expressed her desire to learn about the Christian religion. The pastor had taught her how to pray and she had knelt with them and thanked God for her escape and for kind Christian friends. The pastor later told the writer that it seemed as though God drew wonderfully near to them that morning as they rejoiced over the privilege of protecting and saving one of God's little ones in the name of the "Good Shepherd." But suddenly the voice of thanksgiving was drowned by the shouts and turmoil of a mob led by the men who had determined to profit by her sale. At sight of them Muke fled within the house. The pastor stoutly refused to put her out of doors. They threatened to beat him and to burn his house, but still he held out. At last they beat down his door and dragged Muke out by the hair of her head and, pitching her forward, threw her head-first into a hedge of thorns, a branch of which became entangled in her hair. This they refused to allow her to remove and thus she was driven away, with those ugly thorns scratching and lacerating her bare back at every step. I wonder if it had been any comfort to her if she had known that her Saviour once wore a crown of thorns for her.

The pastor set out at once for Midnapore where the nearest missionary lived, and told him the story, just as he now tells it to you. The missionary went to the English magistrate and, securing police, hastened to the rescue. The men who had stolen her carried her from place to place blindfolded. Finally, frightened by the presence of the white man and the police, they took Muke far into a large jungle and left her blindfolded. With the help of a kind-hearted shepherd boy she found her way again to Seba Pator's house, where once again she found comfort among her friends. The missionary remained a few days to try to get track of the men who had made themselves liable for having broken a house, but they had fled the country. Never will the writer forget how that poor hunted child clung to his side during those days, lest again she might fall into the hands of her tormentors.

A few days later she was taken to Midnapore and a home found for her in a Christian family where she could work for her board, three meals a day, and go to kindergarten. She soon progressed far enough to be of service as an assistant teacher in the kindergarten and then married a Christian man. One little daughter has come to their home. As Muke looks into the face of her baby girl, I wonder if we can measure

the thanks-giving, that her little girlie is blessed with a Christian home and parents.

A month after her rescue five of the men connected with the attempt to steal her appeared before the magistrate and confessed their guilt and went to jail without trial.

Lincoln, Nebraska.

FOOT-NOTE—Muke is a real person and the story is, in all essential details, a true record of her life. I believe it to be characteristically true of those of her class in respect to the portrayal of Indian customs.

—H. R. M.

The Home Missionary's Wife

BY M. A. W. BACHELDER.

The wife of the Home Missionary was tired and discouraged. Only two weeks to Christmas and not a penny for the children's presents. Their clothes were hopelessly worn; even the necessities to eat were low. She looked out of doors; a cold, bleak wind was sweeping over the prairie, and clouds hung low and dark. Pictures of her girlhood home, full of comfort and happiness, came so vividly as to be almost painful. Then the first pastorate; the new parsonage; a flourishing church; a library, lectures, concerts; now and then a club meeting where she met alert, intellectual, inspiring women. They had left all that because they thought God called to this; one of his desert places where His word was not preached; where the children were untaught in the way of true living. They had said, "We will make this desert blossom as the rose"; but how slow it was in coming! Just then a sweet voice said, "Mama, will God send a dolly at Christmas, you fink?" She could not promise; she had lost hold of herself.

The Home Missionary came in, looking pale and tired. "Perhaps this everlasting wind has got on my nerves," he said, "but everything has gone wrong today. I wonder if I have not made a mistake in bringing you and the children to such a place as this. I believe it would have been better to be a Foreign Missionary. They, at least, get a great deal in travel, seeing new countries and new and strange peoples, and the churches make a lot of them and show more sympathy in their work; there is more charm about it. They pay no attention to a poor Home Missionary." Mrs. Eaton went on with her work, but with a strange

insistence there came to her mind, "The flesh pots of Egypt. I long for the flesh pots of Egypt." As she passed through her sitting room she saw on the wall Stevenson's morning prayer: "The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. "I have played the coward," she said, and closing the door of her room she knelt and told her Heavenly Father her needs and her desire for the people about her. As she rose, the Scripture came to mind: "In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Something of this peace came to her and she went "blithely" on her way, appreciating the great blessings she had in husband and children and a field for work.

Christmas morning dawned calm, clear and beautiful. While the simple breakfast was being prepared, a man drove to the door with a big box and a small box. Mr. Eaton came in with a lot of letters and cards—such loving, helpful, cheerful messages! The smaller box had a doll for Baby Hattie and something for each member of the family. Then came the big box from their first pastorate, and such a box! "I think all our prayers are answered, Louise, except for some money," laughed the Home Missionary. "Isn't this a fine suit for me, and what is this in the vest pocket?" It was a note, and in the note a generous bill. "Dear friend," it said, "this is a small token of appreciation of the great work you and your wife are doing so bravely and so well. If you accomplish nothing more, it has well paid in the two splendid young people you sent to our college this year. They will do great good in the world. One goes to the foreign field, the other is to be a Home Missionary, to try, he says, to do for others, what you have done for him. Your prayers and ours are being answered." When the excitement was over, the mother saw happy Baby Hattie tightly clasping her doll and heard her say, "Tank you, God." Looking at her mother, she said, "I telled God I wanted a dolly orful, so now I said tank you."

In the evening there was a Christmas gathering at the little church. After the exercises a purse of money, gathered from the small means of

the people, was presented to the pastor and his wife. One of the young men, home from college, made this speech: "This small token of great love is for the dear people who have made the deserts of our minds and souls to blossom as the rose."

As they went home under the starlit sky—and the sky is so big and so beautiful on the prairie—the pastor said: "I would rather be a Home Missionary than anything else; the home churches don't forget us, and the dear people here appreciate what we have done."

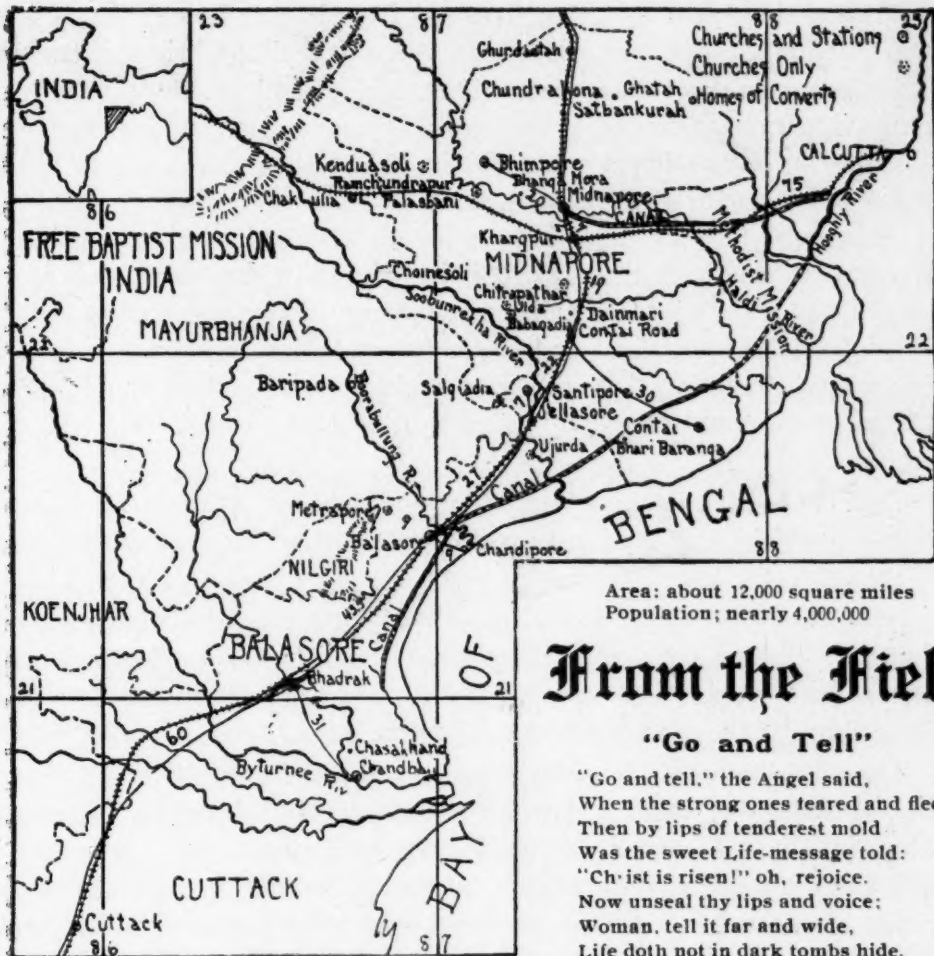
Waiting a moment alone at the open door, looking up to the stars, the Home Missionary's wife said softly and reverently, "I thank Thee, God."

Suggestive Program for April

THE NEW WOMAN OF THE ORIENT.—"Western Women in Eastern Lands," Chapter V. This is one of the most interesting chapters in our text-book and should give a delightful and memorable afternoon. The handbook "How To Use" gives valuable suggestions about making this lesson as significant and attractive as it should be. The opening exercises may include the Bible Reading outlined on page 238. Part I may be impressed on the mind by a series of questions and answers, carefully prepared, but sparkling! Part II may be presented by several "Thumbnail Sketches," or impersonations, of the noted women mentioned, by different members of the auxiliary. To these should be added the life story of our own Chundra Lela.

SUBJECTS OF PRAYER FOR APRIL.—Balasore Station, India; its missionaries, work and native workers.

We should never let a day end with record of duty to one of the least of Christ's little ones neglected. God hears the cries of His children, and knows of their sufferings and their tears when the help or the comfort they needed came not. We should never disappoint God when He expects us to be His messengers to His children in their pain or want. We may never have another day in which to set things right that have gone wrong in this—to do the duties omitted, to show the kindnesses neglected.—T. R. Miller.



From the Field

"Go and Tell"

"Go and tell," the Angel said,
When the strong ones feared and fled;
Then by lips of tenderest mold
Was the sweet Life-message told:
"Christ is risen!" oh, rejoice.
Now unseal thy lips and voice;
Woman, tell it far and wide,
Life doth not in dark tombs hide.

"Go and tell," oh, quickly tell
News that will all fears dispel;
Empty now the sepulchre,
Thou must be His messenger
To assure the doubting one
Life is victor over stone,
Rolled away the barrier grim
By the power threefold in Him.

Yea, when Christ His prison burst
Unto Woman spake He first;
"Hail! all hail," blest message sweet,
Brought her prayerful at His feet;
Then in Christly tone He said:
"Go and tell," be not afraid,
Tell them that I go before
To unseal each prison door.

Caroline Lathrop Post, in Mission Studies.

Varied Experiences

Dear Friends:—I really meant to tell you all about our nice Christ-mas, this year; of our joyful anticipation of boxes from the home land, realized in their safe arrival in good season. Just to look at the outside

of a box that has come as fast as it could from home gives thrills of joy to new missionaries, at least. I believe we had the first Christmas tree in the Kindergarten Hall this year. The girls' school at the orphanage, and the kindergarten united in giving a few exercises, and prizes for scholarship in both schools were distributed at that time. Every little girl got a doll and the expressions of satisfaction and joy were good to see. It seemed that all the Hindu children who had ever attended the kindergarten came back that day, but the friends in the home land dealt so bountifully with Miss Coe and me that there was enough and to spare. If the folks in the Pittsfield and Cleveland and Madison churches could have seen the reception their offerings of love received they would have felt amply repaid and somebody else would be sure to want to try it another year.

Christmas, with its joys, has been gone almost a month now, and only last week the scenes of a day filled my mind with so many thoughts that I want to try to tell them to you.

At a little town called Basta, about an hour's ride from Balasore, by the slowest kind of a train, a Hindu jatra began last Thursday and will continue for a week. The shortest definition for a jatra that I know, is an assembly for the worship of some special god.

Three of our Bible women and three preachers were tenting near the place and going twice a day for preaching and selling Christian literature, so Miss Coe and I decided to visit them for a day. A walk of a mile along a road just like a New England cow path, brought us to an entrance gorgeously decorated with red and gold papers. Inside was booth after booth, made of small branches, in which people were displaying various kinds of wares for sale. The temple in which the idols were being worshiped was closed to Christians; we could only stand at a distance and catch a glimpse of the hideous figures within, before which offerings were being placed and figures were bowing in supplication. A little to one side, a group of Santal women,—the Santals are an aboriginal tribe,—were entertaining the crowd with a dance, and enticing them to some booths of their own where an intoxicating stuff made of rice was being sold. The dance was by no means a wild, hideous thing, as I had expected it would be, but a quiet, rhythmic movement with the feet, by a large circle of women joining hands.

That is all, except the hundreds of people coming across the rice

fields from every direction, mingling with the rabble around the booths, watching the dancers, and worshipping the idols.

No, not all. In a shady place, right beside the open windows of the Temple, three men in spotless white garments, open books and begin singing. From every look and word you might draw the conclusion that they were there on business for their King. One after the other, with short, earnest speeches interspersed with song, presents Jesus Christ as the Saviour and sin bearer of all. One is telling how Christ lifts mankind from the lowest depths to the heights, and as he tells I cannot but look from the sordid, in many cases, hopeless and wretched faces, and bodies clad only in a loin cloth, to the three in the center of the group, in their white garments. Their faces speak of inward peace and joy and hope only, because He has lifted them from the depths in which their brothers are still groveling. Sometimes it seems as though the sea of faces would remain forever in the vision of memory.

A few in the crowd give their pennies for books, very few there, as it is a place where but little work has ever been done and they are not anxious for anything new.

It is time to take the evening train back to Balasore. As Miss Coe and I are going in advance of the preachers, an old leper woman meets us on the way, and, placing herself decisively in our pathway, spreads her arms and waves them as though she were stopping sheep, and demands two cents before we may be allowed to pass her majesty. It is rather interesting, and I attempt to dodge while Miss Coe uses her Oryia to impart the information that we will give her nothing. In a moment the preachers come up and we pass on.

The train is crowded with hundreds of passengers going to Puri to special worship. Our baggage and ourselves are closely packed in with a crowd of people, just like those we have left behind. They eat a little, sleep a little, wear a little, very little, and beyond the struggle they have to get this little their ambitions apparently do not extend. There are no restrictions about singing on the trains here, so one of the preachers who is returning with us begins a song. Quickly some one wants to buy the book, and then another. I am reminded of a talk I once heard at Ocean Park, "Nothing happens; everything is a part of God's plan," and I forget the displeasing sights and sounds and smells of the crowded compartment, in the thought that by our inconvenience one more soul has heard the message.

When I was at home and thinking of the problems here, it did not seem difficult, from that distance, to think through some of them; but now, in the midst of them, it seems like another existence. One story about, picture or glimpse of, the idols to which India's millions look in faith; and the poverty and ignorance of the masses, makes me feel that one life is like a straw upon a rushing current, that sweeps relentlessly everything before it. Neither might nor power can prevail, but when the Spirit of God moves upon chaos, then upon the product is declared the sentence, "It is good." In this is the hope of every nation. To be a bearer of good news is quite enough.

SADIE GOWEN.

Balasure, India, Jan. 25, 1911.

Christmas at Contai

Dear HELPER:—Our Christmas celebration was poor to that of Midnapore or Balasure. Here we are, a handful of Christians in the midst of hosts of Hindus. Three of our Christian boys led by one brother preacher, took pains to decorate our humble chapel with colored papers and branches of date trees to the Oriental taste. This year we did not invite any of our Hindu friends to our place of worship, but beyond our expectations and to our great joy, we still found our chapel full to overflowing. Sweet Bengali hymns, well suited to the happy occasion, were composed by one of our fellow-workers in Christ, and sung admirably by two little children to the music of a box-harmonium. Two speakers were appointed beforehand to address the multitude—one spoke of the happy tidings of salvation and the other of the manifold blessings Christianity has brought in its wake to the people of India. The audience highly appreciated what the speakers brought home to their hearts.

Now we come to the New Year's Day affairs. Little children of nineteen schools of different villages came on the 2nd of January with faces beaming with joy to receive prizes and gifts. To test the Bible knowledge of the children, examinations, both verbal and written, according to their capacity, were held. Prizes in the shape of useful books were awarded to the meritorious boys of each school. To please the tots who committed to memory the words of God, gifts were given away consisting of books, pens, pencils and some knick-knacks. Every soul, both teachers and scholars alike, received gospel portions numbering 220 in

all. Everyone went away highly pleased. The gifts were small, yet great in their eyes.

To defray the expenses, a subscription list was circulated among the Hindu friends who gladly contributed their mites to help us in our good work in the country. One of our main endeavors is to teach the children the fear of the Lord. They are the stars of our future hopes. They are well grounded in the knowledge of sin and salvation. Most of them have no faith in their own religion, only they observe certain ceremonies for fear of being out-casted.

Oh, how sweet it is to know that about four hundred and fifty heathen children receive the happy message of salvation at Contai!

Dear Readers, do pray for them, that they may grow up in the fear of the Lord, and come to the foot of the cross to behold the love of Him Who died and bled for them.

It may not be out of place to mention here that these Sunday Schools are so many out-posts in the surrounding villages where poor peasants gather in their leisure hours, and so it is our grand opportunity to meet them and speak the Word of life and truth. These people give us attentive hearing, as they often come to our dispensary for medical treatment, and are greatly benefited. Do remember them, please, in your daily prayers.

Yours in His Service,

H. N. SARKAR.

Contai, India.

Treasurer's Notes

The month past has shown activity in the work of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society for which I am sure we are all glad.

There is a call for children in the Sinclair Orphanage, to support. One letter has recently come from Michigan and another from Iowa. Your treasurer has received a list of the children now in the Orphanage, sent by Miss Emilie E. Barnes, superintendent. This list shows that a larger number than formerly are not assigned, which should be an appeal to homes of means, where there are no children, and where the inmates do not wish to take a child into the home to care for. Why not adopt one of these? Only twenty-five dollars a year will support one; I should be glad to correspond with interested persons about this work.

I have also received from Dr. Mary Bacheler, a list of widows in the Dorcas Smith Widows' Home. It shows how rapidly widows come and go—only a little while since there were several, now only four. Most of those who are away are out to service, and may return at any time. Dr. Mary's serious accident has compelled her to rest, and while doing this she has been busy with her pen, and helping in every way possible.

A long letter from Mrs. Harriet Phillips Stone tells the story of the passing of Mrs. Mary Phillips, and the severe accident of Mrs. Burkholder. How beautiful is the thought, that the Woman's Missionary Society is like a big family, feeling with one another's burdens, so that when we hear of misfortunes befalling our workers in the field, or at home, our thought goes out to them in loving tenderness. I am sure others share with me in this experience. It seems as though there has been an unusual amount of suffering in our missionary family of late, which is, I trust, linking us more closely together in God.

Encouraging reports of the work in Portland, and York County Conference, Me.; Rockingham Association and New Durham quarterly meeting, N. H., have been received. I wish your treasurer could oftener get little items from our workers, East and West, so that these notes could more fairly represent the work and the needs. As it is, I am largely dependent on the monthly contributions for information. Of course, in the long run, contributions are the thermometer of the Society, and when there is a gain for several months, we know there is increasing activity; on the other hand, when there is a loss, we know there is a tendency that ought to have our attention. So, your treasurer has always pursued the policy of reporting gains with thankfulness, and losses with the purpose to stimulate others to greater activity. In this spirit I called attention to the heavy falling off in receipts from July 1 to October 1, 1910—\$1,052.57 in three months, something which has never occurred before in the history of the Society. Knowing the loyalty of our workers, and the courageous way they have always shared with the treasurer in a knowledge of adverse conditions, I think they have been willing to do it now, and through the knowledge, are working for better conditions.

Already a part of this falling off has been wiped out, as the following figures will show: The losses in the months of July, August, September, November, December and February were \$1,434.26, the gains

in October and January were \$792.59, making a net loss of \$641.67, which is further reduced by specials in 1909 in excess of specials in 1910.

I am sure we are all glad and thankful that our receipts are increasing, and we all want, doubtless, to wipe out completely the shrinkage of \$641.67. How can this be more easily done than by increasing our Thank Offering? Some of us may be able and willing to increase our annual Thank Offering, and all our auxiliaries, and many churches will, it is to be hoped, not only hold a Thank Offering service, but plan to make the offerings larger than ever before. As aids in this direction I suggest that an interesting program of song, and prayer, and exercises by the children, with a short address, be well advertised, and the invitations, which Miss E. R. Porter, 45 Andover St., Peabody, Mass., always furnishes free, on application, be widely distributed. Let all be impressed with the idea that the offering is one "unto the Lord," in gratitude for mercies, and let prayer be made for many willing gifts.

Already Thank Offerings have been sent to the treasury. One especially, by Mr. O. M. Moulton of Coaticook, P. Q., given on his 82nd birthday, breathed real gratitude for God's guidance through the years. The more of this spirit we put into our gifts, with a desire that His favor may rest upon them in service for others, the greater will be the blessing to ourselves and them.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treasurer.

Assistant Treasurer's Notes

As we are approaching another Thank Offering season, shall we not search diligently and thus bring to mind and light the blessings that crown each path?

Life in this day and in this land brings such to even the humblest of us, though they are many times hidden from our eyes by their very commonness and abundance.

As we realize this and our hearts turn in gratitude to our Heavenly Father for His bestowing, let us give tangible expression by our remembrance of some of His less fortunate children.

Your Assistant Treasurer often wishes that to all might come the knowledge of the unselfish giving, even to sacrifice, which reaches her and other workers, through the letters accompanying gifts, and in other ways, for it inspires to large doing.

Of this month's personal gifts from Maine we will first mention Miss Myrtie G. Kinney, who by hers expresses interest in HELPER and Storer College, the amount to be used toward her life membership; Mrs. E. A. Purinton and Mrs. M. E. Grover join in the support of orphan Neparti; Mrs. Hannah McGreagor at 92 years still retains her interest in missions, and sends gift; Mrs. R. M. F. Buzzell and Mrs. Mary R. Wade respond to the appeal for Myrtle Hall, Storer College. Miss Clara M. Warner and Mrs. Sarah B. Batchelder, of New Hampshire, send contributions for "Emily" and Contingent Fund; Mrs. Lavina Sweet, of Huntington, adds her gift to auxiliary and church contributions to swell Vermont's total.

Miss E. F. Buker, of New York, sends gift for general work, while Miss Clara McEwen wishes hers to go to aid Rev. A. Esterbrook in the Barbados Mission.

Mrs. E. M. Stirton and Mrs. Miles of Michigan send contributions.

Mrs. H. L. Croswell of Washington and her sister, Mrs. E. F. Henion, of Minneapolis, share in the support of Bible teacher with Miss Coombs.

Mrs. Ashley, writing of Buffalo Valley, Kansas, Auxiliary, says: "Our society is under the auspices of the Free Baptists, but is made up of women of several denominations. It is doing some very notable things in the way of helping the needy in the communities around us, also helping to spread the gospel in this and foreign lands, and has also just sent \$10.00 to suffering China."

A "Friend," who, in doing alms, believes not in letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth, sends with the gift the following:—"He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

"Wait on the Lord."

EDYTH R. PORTER.

45 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

There is no one factor that is more important in carrying forward the work of our society than our HELPER. It is indispensable. What has the future in store for it? It will be what we make it. Will not each one who reads these words help to make the coming year a successful one for our magazine?—*Ella H. Andrews.*

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"The missionary movement is a magnificent and far-reaching one. In supporting it as such, the importance of mission study is evident. We urgently need a knowledge of facts. With such a knowledge I am sure we should count ourselves most privileged to be permitted to present our gifts, our prayers, our lives, to furthering it."

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Topics for 1911

March—Home Missions.

April— 5. The New Woman in the Orient.

May—Thank Offering.

June— 6. Problems and Policies.

July—Missionary Field Day.

MAY — THANK OFFERING.

"Lord of the harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their
round,
With goodness all our years are
crowned;
Our thanks we pay
This holy day;
Oh, let our hearts in tune be found!

"Lord of the harvest, all is Thine!
The rains that fall, the suns that
shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruit
abound!
New every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall
sound!"

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

OPENING HYMN.

INVOCATION AND SCRIPTURE READING, by Pastor.

O give thanks unto the Lord; for	Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem,
He is good;	Praise thy God, O Zion;
For His mercy endureth forever.	For He hath strengthened the bars
Enter into His gates with thanks-	of thy gates,
giving and into His courts	He filleth thee with the finest of the
with praise.	wheat.
Be thankful unto Him and bless	Let the people praise Thee, O Lord;
His holy name.	let all the people praise Thee,

CHANTING THE LORD'S PRAYER, by Choir.

RESPONSIVE READING—"Royal Grace," leaflet prepared by Miss Fullonton.

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING.

READING—Twenty-first Thank Offering Call. (See March HELPER. Omit paragraphs relating to supplies, etc.)

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING. Something spirited.

“THANK OFFERINGS IN DAYS OF OLD.” Exercise for five children and young lady—the *Voice of History*. (See fourth page of cover.)

BRIGHT GLEAMS FROM OUR OWN FIELDS. Brief talk by some one previously appointed to gather bits of brightness from the Annual Report, India Report; and letters, articles and notes in HELPERS since the last Thank Offering. Show how the yearly thank offerings—between one and two thousand dollars—help swell the receipts which would otherwise be inadequate to support the work undertaken.

OFFERING.—Collected by young people.

REPEAT (reverently):

Holy offerings, rich and rare,	Homage of each humble heart,
Offerings of praise and prayer,	Ere we from Thy house depart;
Purer life and purpose high,	Worship fervent, deep and high,
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,	Adoration, ecstasy;
Lowly acts of adoration	All that child-like love can render
To the God of our salvation;	Of devotion true and tender;
On His altar laid, we leave them:	On Thine altar laid, we leave them:
Christ, present them! God receive	Christ, present them! God receive
them!	them!

—J. B. S. Monsell.

(During the following exercises, two persons, previously appointed, should take the baskets to another room, open envelopes, ascertain the amount of offering, and arrange texts for reading.)

READING.—“Aunt Parsons’ Story,” (See fourth page of cover); or “The Home Missionary’s Wife,” this HELPER.

SONG.—“Missionary Bells,” (see fourth page of cover.)

RECITATION.—“Beside the Well,” (September, ’10, HELPER.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF OFFERING AND READING OF TEXTS.

PRAYER.

CLOSING HYMN.—“Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.”

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Many of our auxiliaries will wish to have a brief Memorial service in connection with the Thank Offering—for our promoted workers. It might consist of Scripture reading, Rev. 21:1-7; poem, “Love Waiteth

Yet to Greet Thee," (March HELPER); the mention of the *special* characteristic and *special* work of each of these friends who have gone away; the calling attention to the practical Memorial for Mrs. Andrews: memorial shares and subscriptions for the MISSIONARY HELPER, and a word of prayer that those who remain may be inspired to better service by the lives of the beloved fellow-workers who are no longer with us.

"I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went and who return not. Say not so!
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave."

In Memoriam

Mrs. Lydia A. Williams, Providence, Rhode Island, August 12, 1910.

Mrs. C. A. Hopkins, Providence, Rhode Island, November 16, 1910.

Mrs. Charles Burnham, Bradford, Massachusetts, February 5, 1911.

Mrs. Emily M. Cornforth, Saco, Maine, November 15, 1910.

More homelike seems the vast un-
known,

Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare,
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, forevermore.

—John W. Chadwick.

This is not a time for relaxation, but rather the call is for aggressiveness and courage. What will you do about it?—Ella H. Andrews

You never get to the end of Christ's words. There is something in them always behind. They pass into proverbs, they pass into laws, they pass into doctrines, they pass into consolations; but they never pass away, and, after all the use that is made of them they are still not exhausted.—Dean Stanley.

THE MISSIONARY HELPER BRANCH
OF THE
International Sunshine Society

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears
Pass it on.



All letters, packages, or inquiries concerning this page or sunshine work, should be addressed to Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, 593 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., president of this branch.

Our request this month is for Easter cheer as we ask all who are willing to bless others with joyous messages of the Risen Lord to remember the sick and lonely members of our Sunshine family. If you cannot send direct, give us the cards, greetings and postage stamps and we will pass them on. Mrs. Benj. Rhoads sent in a package of postals, among them some pretty Easter cards. Miss E. J. Small who never forgets our special needs, sent cards and gave 25c for our "International Day." Mrs. Carrie C. Buzzell, a new member, is finding pleasure in the Sunshine work, and enclosed stamps in her last letter. Miss Clara McEwen helped on our Branch work with a gift of one dollar. Miss A. A. Garland gave a large silk handkerchief and a roll of literature. Mrs. J. F. Parker reports, "I am trying to do what I can in my small way to help the good cause along." We reply that oftentimes the small things are the ones that bring the largest joy to the receiver, Mrs. Parker gave y. c. labels. Mrs. H. J. Rogers is also trying to give all the Sunshine she can. A box which contained cards, baby cap, bed shoes, etc., has been received, post marked Providence, R. I. Will the giver accept our thanks in the name of those who have been benefited by these useful articles. One of our junior members, Dorothy McVay of Carolina, R. I., is making a collection of small silk flags of all nations, she has sixteen now. Dorothy knows nothing of this notice, but we took the liberty of calling attention to this collection hoping that others may help to make it complete. M. Carolyn McVay, her sister, has been a bright little sunbeam to a sick girl, as she carried books, games, etc. Mrs. F. W. Grant sent a package of paper dolls and two poems.

Mrs. Grace B. Bromily and her little daughter, Florence May, of Cranston, R. I., unconsciously became I. S. S. members by giving a number of postage stamps and paper dolls; we made them Sunshiners at once. Chaloner Lewis Bickford, little son of Mrs. Lillian F. Bickford, of New Hampton, N. H., has also been enrolled in the junior list. Mrs. E. F. Avery has given stamps as the initiation dues for Mrs. Elias Cox, Canning, Kings Co., N. S., a dear old lady of 84 years. Send her a sunshine welcome. Mrs. L. B. Merritt sent a pretty pink hair ribbon, which came the day after a request from one of the older children in the Blind Babies Home; it must have been mental telegraphy that prompted our sister out in California to respond to this wish of the blind girl. Perhaps others will be glad to give a yard of taffeta ribbon, pink, blue, black or white, three or four inches wide. A R. I. member has given one dollar from her thankful fund, which is money put aside every time she sees a crippled person. This was used as the giver wished, for the blind babies. Little Elizabeth, the curly headed child who was pictured sitting at a tea table in last month's HELPER, has opened her eyes in heaven. The little body was laid away by kind Sunshine friends. Truly, no one can ask "does it pay?" after seeing the comfort and care which was given to this little unfortunate blind child during the last weeks when she was suffering from an incurable disease. Mrs. Sarah A. Fisher of Brookline, Mass., has left us to join the dear ones on the other side. She was a loyal sunshine member and will be missed by those who have received cheer. Our sympathy goes out to those who are left to mourn her loss.

Practical Christian Living

"Eternal God, may Thy love make me lovely! May all unloveliness pass out of my spirit by the inflowing of Thy grace! Graciously refine me into true nobility, and make me a worthy child of the Altogether Lovely."

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OUR QUIET HOUR

(10 A. M.)

Easter Thoughts

Lord of Easter! Let Thy glory
Ease our sorrowing hearts of
pain;
O'er and o'er the wondrous story
May we sing in glad refrain:
Christ is risen,
From death's prison,
Light from darkness faith is bring-
ing;
Joy and hope are now upspringing.
—Helen E. Coolidge.

"Because I live, ye shall live also." Not for Himself alone did Christ burst the bonds of death, but for humanity. The angel proclamation, "Unto you is born this day a Saviour," was the annunciation of a great hope, the hope of the world, but the resurrection was the fulfillment. The love and sacrifice in which He gave Himself for the world burst into fullest bloom on the resurrection morning. Doubt vanished; clear light shone into the minds of His followers; they saw that "it behooved Christ to suffer" that He might rise again.

This life so freely given us is not the resurrection of the body only; it is the awakening of the inner life, mental and spiritual, of which the physical resurrection is the type.

Never has Easter meant to the world what it means now. The power of the immortal hope has been slowly penetrating the restless sea of human life. Greater even than the resurrection of the body is the great resurrection of the soul that is going on throughout the world from darkness to light, from death to life, from despair to hope and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

It brings intellectual arousal, stimulus for service like to His service, and sacrifice that, following afar off, aims to be like His sacrifice. The heart that looks down the eternal years of growth and fruit-bearing cannot lose hope for itself; the heart that looks forward to the incoming tides of human life cannot lose hope for the world.—*Mission Studies.*

Juniors

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Things I Am Thankful For

A Junior Song of Gratitude.

I am thankful I am not a swarthy,
black-skinned Hottentot,
That I was not born a cannibal or
beast;
Dwelling in this garden spot very
happy is my lot,
And I never ought to grumble in
the least.

I am thankful that I come from a
loving Christian home,
That I'm not a little wanderer on
the earth;
Though some folks may think me
poor, they are wrong, I'm very
sure,
Since my Saviour makes me rich in
love and worth.

I am thankful that I live in a land
where freemen give
Rights of liberty and fellowship
to all;
That the Bible here is free, and that
every one may be
Heir of everything that's best, both
great and small.

I am thankful for all good, for my
daily care and food,
For my parents, teachers, school,
home, church, and friends;
For the blessings of the light, for the
joys that make life bright—
Thanks for everything my heaven-
ly Father sends.

—Howard B. Grose.

Suggestive Thank Offering Program for Juniors

Send out the following several weeks before the Thank Offering service, with tiny socks (made of cambric, muslin or silk, and strings run through the top), to members of the Band and friends:—

"This little sock we give to you
Is not for you to wear.
We'll tell you what you are to do,
So listen, please, with care.
Your blessings count, and for each
one
A penny, nickel, dime
Within this place, when you are
done,
And bring with you on time.

The hour? Oh, yes! It's half past
two,
The place, our usual one;
Then long before the meeting's thru
The counting will be done.
With joy we shall announce the sum
Which then we have in hand,
And thank you, each and ev'ry one,
For interest in our Band."

1. SONG—Little Givers.

Song and Study for God's Little Ones, Page 34, R. P. McCabe & Co., Pub., Chicago.

2. WELCOME:

"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me."

"Enter into His gates with thanksgiving."

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

"Come before His presence with thanksgiving."

"Oh! That men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

"My lips shall utter His praise."

"Exalt the Lord, our God."

(Show cards to form word "Welcome," as each in turn speaks.)

3. WHAT IS A THANK OFFERING?

"Is it when you pay a debt?"

No, you haven't got it yet.

You're just honest when you pay

What you've owed for many a day.

But when all your debts are paid,

When God's share a tenth you've made,

And you say, 'I've surely done

All He asks of anyone'—

Then you think of things you've had—

Lots of things to make you glad,

And you think, and think, and say,

'What can I for blessings pay?'

Gen'rous giving you'll conclude

Is the rule for gratitude,

And when such love gifts you bring,

That's a real Thank-Offering!"

L. A. S.—Mission Day Spring.

4. "TILLY'S THANK OFFERING DOLLAR," (2 cts) or "Thank Offering Program (10 cts.) either furnished by Mrs. Chapman.

5. "THE SILVER SIXPENCE." (Mrs. L. C. Griffin, Kenka College, N. Y. 1c each.)

6. SONG—"Missionary Bells." (See 4th page of cover.)

7. LITTLE JOE'S THANK OFFERING.

(Sunshine Stories from Many Lands. Mrs. A. D. Chapman, 12 Prescott St., Lewiston, Me.

8. THE GIVERS:—

The Careless Penny went loudly in;
It rattled and rang like a piece of tin;

No prayer went with it, and nobody
Was helped or gladdened, and sad was he—

The poor little careless giver!

The Selfish Penny sank heavily,
Like a lump of lead, as it well might be;

"No love went with it. 'I might have bought

So much for myself!" was his only thought

The mean little selfish giver!

The Loving Penny dropped softly down,

Like red, red gold from a royal crown;

Pity and love made his eyes grow dim

As he gave his all and the Lord loved him—

The dear little cheerful giver!

Anna Burnham Bryant in The Mission Dayspring.

9. ANNOUNCEMENT OF AMOUNT OF OFFERING.

10. PRAYER, closing with Mizpah benediction.

E. R. P

Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for February, 1911

MAINE

Brunswick Village Aux for Miss Coombs	\$ 9 00
Dover and Foxcroft Aux dues	8 50
E Corinth Mrs Hannah McGreagor	1 00
Lewiston, Main St Aux Miss Coombs	10 00
From Miss Myrtie G. Kenney, MISSION- ARY HELPER Fund \$3.00; C F \$7.00 and on her L M in Gen Soc'y	10 00
Lebanon 2d Ch Aux dues for Miss Coombs	12 00
Madison Aux on Bodni's sal'y	8 25
Mapleton F B S S	6 50
Young People \$1.50; W M S \$2.00	3 50
Milo Aux for native teacher	6 25
Ocean Park Mrs Wa e and Mrs Buzzell each for Myrt'e Hall Storer	2 00
Marion L Grow and Lloyd Sheldon A L B's Pittsfield Aux for Nettie's sal'y 1910 and 1911	25 00
Pittsfield Income Mary B Wingate Fund	11 00
Sebec and Exeter Conf Coll	6 00
W Lebanon Aux income Mary A Dearborn Fund for F M	7 00
W Bowdoin S S Support of Jarlo from Mrs E A Purinton and Mrs M E Grover for support of Ne- parti in S O	5 00 20 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Center Sandwich Aux for C F	\$ 8 00
Dover H H and F M Soc'y Inc Littlefield Fund	7 12
Franklin Primary Dpt S S Miss Barnes	4 00
Aux	3 71
Hampton for Gen'l work	7 00
Pearl Seekers for Miss Barnes	8 00
Kittery Pt Jr Miss Band M's Barnes	4 00
Lakeport Aux Inc Cole Fund for W H	12 50
London Ladies' Aid	5 00
New Hampton Children and Young People S S for Miss Barnes	4 00
Manchester W M S for a friend for C F	3 00
Pittsfield Aux dues	1 00
Y P M S for Pittsfield Sch Bal	12 50
Somersworth Aux for Bessie Peckham Sch	7 00
Suncook Clara M Warner for "Family"	5 00

VERMONT

Corinth 2d Ch Miss Dawson's successor	\$ 2 00
Huntington Asso Coll Do	2 50
Mrs Lavina Sweet	1 00
No Tunbridge Ch Do	6 50
Orange Co Asso Coll Do	4 08
Sheffield Ch Do	2 50
Sutton Aux Do	8 00
So Strafford Ch Do	1 00

MASSACHUSETTS

Lowell Chelmsford St Aux nat teacher	\$ 6 25
Kind Miss Barnes	4 00
Lowell Chelmsford St Pri Dpt Miss Barnes	4 00
Aux work at Storer	5 00
Lynn High St Aux for native teacher	6 25

RHODE ISLAND

Arlington Aux Ind	\$ 8 00
Greenville Aux K W	5 00
Ind	5 00

Pawtucket Aux Ind	\$ 9 00
Prov Rog Wms Y P S C E K W	18 75
Prov Park St Aux K W	5 00
Ind	5 00
Prov Elmwood Ave Y P S C E for child in S O	6 25
Taunton Aux Ind	4 00
Tiverton Ch Ind	5 00

NEW YORK

Brooklyn Eva F Buker	\$ 5 00
No Lawrence Clara McEwen for Rev A Esterbrook Barbados Mis	3 00

INDIANA

Oakland City S S for Miss Barnes	\$ 10 00
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ILLINOIS

Farmington W M S dues	\$ 10 00
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MICHIGAN

Elkton Mrs E M Stirton, Dr B 40c; H M 40c Sto 20c	\$ 1 00
Kinderhook Dr B	5 00
Kingston Aux Dr B 40c; H M 40c; Sto 20c	1 00
No Branch Aux Dr B 80c; H M 80c; Sto 40c	2 00
Noverta Aux Dr B 54c; H M 54c; Sto 27c	1 35
Sanilac Q M Coll Dr B \$1.06; H M \$1.06; Sto 53c	2 65
Mrs Miles Clifford Dr B	25

WISCONSIN

Diamond Bluff Aux on apportionment	\$ 5 00
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MINNESOTA

Minneapolis F B Ch Aux for F M	\$ 5 00
Money Creek S S Birthday Bank for Miss Barnes	2 50
Winnebago S S Primary Dpt Miss Barnes	4 00
Winona Aux for F M Gen Fund	5 00

KANSAS

Bflo Valley Wom Soc'y Miss Coombs \$5.00;	
Miss Barnes \$5.00	\$ 10 00

SOUTH DAKOTA

Valley Springs Miss Band for Miss Barnes	\$ 4 00
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WASHINGTON

Spokane Mrs H S Crosswell and Mrs E F Henion of Minneapolis Minn for sal'y Bible Teacher	\$ 25 00
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MISCELLANEOUS

A friend for work in India	\$ 1 00
Income Parker Fund for S O	20 00
Hanson Fund for Hindu School at Bal	5 00
Income Starbird Fund 1/2 W H; 1/2 S O	20 00
A L & F A Hanson Fund S O \$30;	
Storer College \$18.25	48 25
Income Susan Prescott Porter Mem'l Fund for Literature	25 00
Income of Gen Funds	50 00

Total Feb'y 1911	\$638 21
Total Feb'y 1910	748 13

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

Dover, N. H.

Per EDYTH R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.

